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EDUCATION IN FRANCHISE VALUES.

It is possible that the Pennsylvania will be required to pay more for the connecting Railroad franchise than the city has hitherto demanded.

So far from having been able to cheapen the price of this valuable right of way and to drive a hard bargain on its own terms by threat of abandoning an enterprise of benefit to Brooklyn the railroad has merely proved the contrary of what it sought to prove.

It has shown the original Nichols estimate of $2,500,000, payable within twenty-five years, to have been too low rather than too high. It has confirmed the wisdom of the Mayor's demand, when these terms were cut in two by the Rapid Transit Commission, that they should be adhered to.

The Mayor, indeed, throughout the negotiations has exhibited a commendable regard for the city's interests. Will the road accept the new terms or continue its tactics of coercion at the risk of finding the franchise appraised at a yet higher value a year hence?

The Evening World's three years' fight for free sea baths for the city's poor is practically won. The passage by the Assembly of the Saxe Senate bill embodying this paper's suggestions for a seaside park for convalescents brings the measure to the Mayor for approval. The city is authorized to spend $2,500,000 in acquiring a strip of sea coast and erecting recreation buildings, bathing pavilions, hospitals and playgrounds. The bill has been generally indorsed and has had the warm support of the Brooklyn Park Commissioner. The park should serve the purpose of a seaside sanitarium from which incalculable benefit will be derived.

CHINATOWN AND VICE.

As an argument against making a park of Chinatown it is alleged that "there is not the slightest promise that the eviction of the present denizens of that quarter will prevent the creation of a new Chinatown in another part of the city just as bad. *So long as such a colony is to exist at all it might as well be where it is as anywhere else.*"

A queer plea for established vice! Is Chinatown, then, an ineradicable moral blotch on the community? Is it assumed that where immorality groups itself it must be left untouched lest it taint some other quarter of the city?

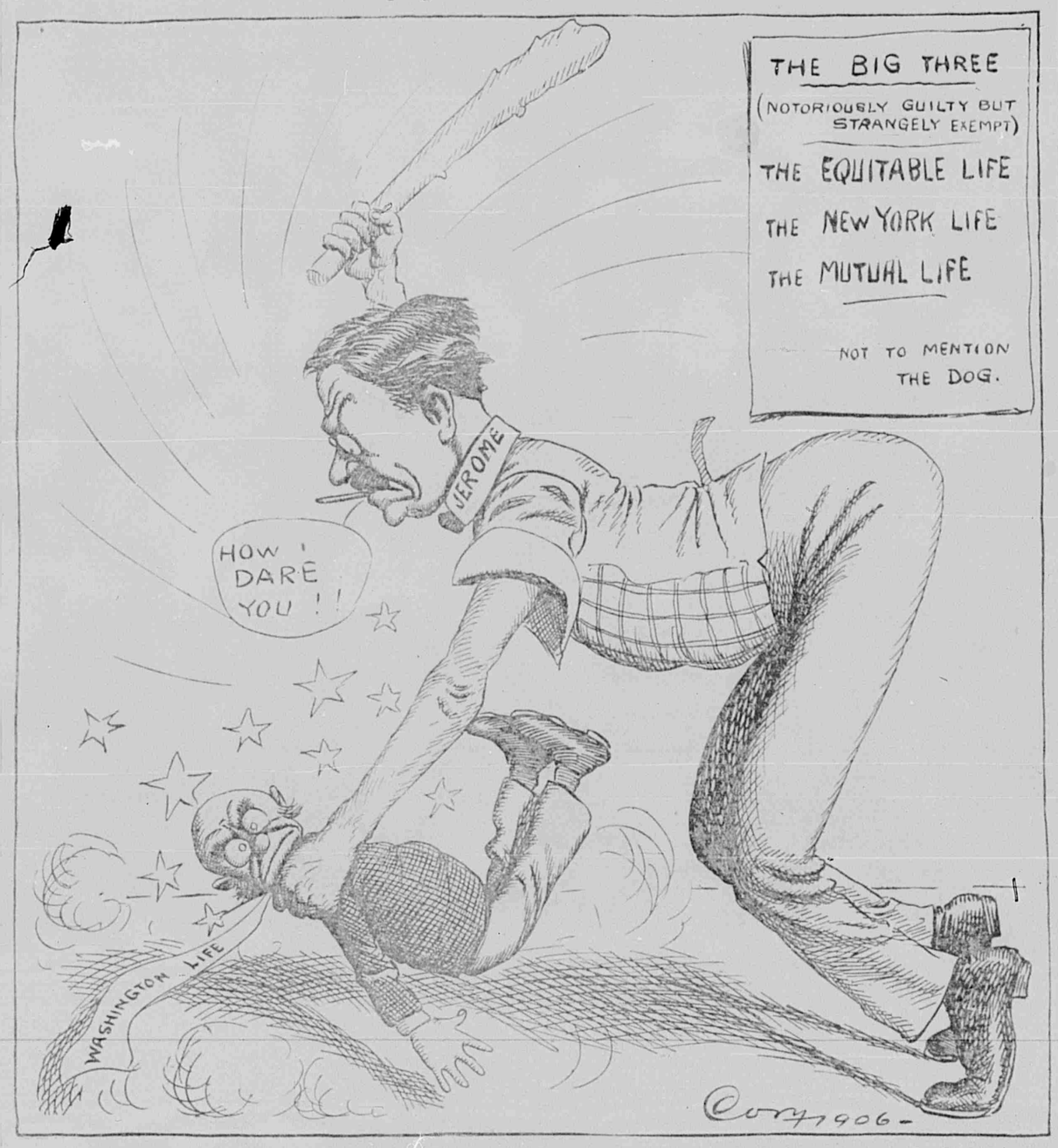
False reasoning of this kind would have left Five Points undisturbed; where is its present location? It would have preserved Greene and Wooster streets from trade invasion for the benefit of vested interests in vice. It would have kept the old Bowery intact. It would have spared Mulberry Bend. It would preserve the "lung block." The argument carried to its logical conclusion would tolerate recognized areas of immorality throughout the city with which there should be no interference on the ground of public policy.

This is preposterous. Chinatown should go.

Why wonder that 800,000 Italians live within Vesuvius's striking radius? Four million New Yorkers live within range of sewer manhole explosions.

The L(e)ast Shall Be First.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 10—The Makers of New York.

THERE is a huge office building at No. 1 Broadway. Perhaps none of its tenants realize that they occupy what is probably the original site of the whole city of New York.

When Adriaen Block, in 1613, formed the plan of starting a permanent settlement on Manhattan he erected a handful of rude huts just to the west of what was afterward the Bowling Green. Those huts were the germ of the nation's present metropolis.

A year later a charter was given to a company of Amsterdam merchants granting them a three-year monopoly of all the fur trade in America from Cape May to Nova Scotia. This was the first "Trust" in America, and its headquarters was Manhattan Island. The whole territory was known as New Netherland, and Peter Minuit, a shrewd old Dutchman, was sent across as Governor.

The First Trust and the First Governor.

The colony's sole aim was industrial, and it prospered from the very first. In 1623 thirty families of Walloons (French Huguenots who had fled to Holland to escape religious persecution) landed on Manhattan. Eight of these families sailed on up the Hudson (or the Mauritius, as it was then called in honor of Prince Maurice of Nassau) to Albany; the remaining twenty-two families settled Brooklyn, building their first homes on and around the site of the present Navy-Yard. New Jersey (then known as Nova Caesarea) was also included in the New Netherland tract.

Minuit's first act on landing was to buy the entire island of Manhattan from the Indians at the amazing price of $24—at a rate of about ten acres for one cent. This is probably the record bargain in all the world's history.

Minuit strengthened the island by planting a formidable battery or fortification at the extreme lower end; the spot having ever since been known as "The Battery." He also established friendly relations with the savages, whose land he had so "benevolently assimilated."

The Dutch West India Company, to promote emigration, offered a large bonus of land to any one who would bring over emigrants to cultivate it. Directors of the company took quick advantage of the offer and, crossing the ocean with their tenants, founded the many manorial estates whose names still exist in New York and New Jersey, and whose early owners were known as patroons. An aristocracy of industry was thus early formed.

Wouter Van Twiller, who had engineered the patroon scheme, was rewarded with the Governorship, succeeding Minuit in 1633. He managed to pick quarrels with neighboring colonies and in other ways to behave in such manner as to bring about his recall in 1638.

Sir William Kieft, who followed Van Twiller as Governor, accomplished more mischief in the four brief years of his rule than any three men could have undone. He all but swamped the colony. His first act was to offend the local Indians on whom the Dutch so largely relied for security, and for the promotion of their fur trade. Kieft crossed the Hudson by night, in winter, fell upon a sleeping native village on Hoboken Heights, and massacred one hundred men, women and children, throwing many of his helpless victims over the cliffs into the river.

The Hoboken Massacre and Its Results.

This idiotically cruel act stirred up a veritable hornet's nest about the Governor's ears. Trade fell off, farmers and trappers were murdered in revenge by Indians, and savage war was declared against the whites.

Kieft, having won the war, at a cost in money, lives and confidence that left the New Netherland colony weak and on the verge of ruin, was deposed and ordered back to Holland. His ship was wrecked in midocean and the ex-Governor was drowned.

Thus, within thirty years Manhattan had sprung from wilderness into a prosperous civilization and, through one incompetent man's folly, was dragged back to a weakness that threatened her ruin. Only a strong man could save the situation and the future of New York.

And that strong man was at hand.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOSNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux, page of the Duc de St. Quentin, comes to Paris to join his master. It is in the year 1590, when Paris is in the hands of the "League," headed by the Duke of Mayenne. Henry, King of Navarre, heir to the throne of France, is besieging the city. He is a Huguenot (Protestant), and as such cannot become King of a Catholic country. St. Quentin, though an avowed friend of Navarre, has ventured into Paris and taken up his headquarters there. Felix, going to join him, is repulsed by Lucas, the Duke's secretary, who strikes the lad. Felix strays into an apparently deserted house, where he unexpectedly comes upon two young noblemen.

One of them, a tall, fair-haired youth, is Count Etienne de la Mar, son of the Duke of St. Quentin. The other is Gervais de Grammont, the Count's cousin. Gervais thinks Felix is a spy and tries to kill him. Etienne saves the boy's life and then tells him Gervais has a quarrel with Lucas, the Duke's secretary, and is anxious to learn when next the secretary will venture out of doors, in order that he may meet and fight him. He swears they mean no harm to the Duke himself, and sends Felix secretly to discover at what time Lucas will go forth. From a spy Felix learns that the plot is not against Lucas, but is a conspiracy to murder the Duke. He also learns that Gervais was suspected of stealing money from St. Quentin and that Etienne, espousing Gervais's quarrel, had left his father's house in a rage. Felix tells the Duke of the plot against his life. The Duke is heartbroken, but refuses to punish the conspirators.

CHAPTER IX.
The Honor of St. Quentin.

(Continued.)

"AH, monsieur!" I cried. "Monsieur is indeed a nobleman!" But I was furious with him for it.

He turned abruptly and paced down the room. The dog, which had been standing at his side, stayed still, looking from him to me with puzzled, troubled eyes. He knew quite well something was wrong and vented his feelings in a long, dismal whine. Monsieur spoke to him; Roland bounded up to him and licked his hand. They walked up and down together, comforting each other.

"At least," I cried in desperation, "monsieur has the spy."

He laughed. Only a man in utter despair could have laughed then as he did.

"Even the spy to wreak vengeance on consoles you somewhat, Felix? But does it seem to you fair that a tool should be punished when the leaders go free?"

"No," said I, "but it is the common way."

"That is a true word," he said, turning away again.

I waited till he faced me once more.

"Monsieur will not suffer the spy to go free?"

"No, Felix. He shall be punished lest he betray again."

He passed me in his dreary walk. Half a dozen times he passed by me, a broken-hearted man, striving to collect his courage to take up his life once more. But I thought he would never get over the blow. A husband may forget his wife's treachery and a mother will forgive her child's, but a father can neither forget nor forgive the crime of the son who bears his name.

"Ah, monsieur, you are noble and I love you!" I cried from the depths of my heart, and knelt to kiss his hand.

Monsieur laid that kind hand on my shoulder.

"You shall serve me. Go now and send Vigo here. I must be looking to the country's business."

CHAPTER X.
Lucas and "Le Gaucher."

I CURSED myself for a fool that I had carried the tale to monsieur. It should have been my business to keep a still tongue and go kill Yeux-gris myself. For this last it was not yet too late.

Marcel was hanging about in the corridor, and to him I gave the word for Vigo. I tore away from his eager questionings and hurried to the gate.

In the morning I had not been able to get in, and now I could no more get out. By Vigo's orders no man might leave the house.

Vigo was after the spy, of course. Monsieur knew the traitor now; he would inform Vigo and the gates would be open for honest men. But that might take time and I could not wait five minutes. I had the audacity to cry to the guards:

"M. le Duc will let me pass out. I refer you to M. le Duc."

The men were impressed. They had a respect for me, since I had been closeted with monsieur. Yet they dared not disobey Vigo for their lives. In this dilemma the poor sentry, fearful of getting into trouble whatever he did, sent up an envoy to ask monsieur. I was frightened then. I had uttered my speech in sheer bravado and was very doubtful as to how he would answer my impudence. But he was utterly careless, I trow, what I did, for presently the word came down that I might pass out.

The sun was setting as I hastened along the streets. I must reach the Rue Coupejarrets before dark, else there was no hope for me. A man in his senses would have known there was no hope anyway. Who but a madman would think of venturing back forsworn, to those three villains for the killing of one? It would be a miracle if aught resulted but failure and death. Yet I felt not a jot of fear as I plunged into the mesh of crooked streets in the Coupejarrets quarter—only ardor to reach my goal. When on turning a corner I came upon a group of idlers choking the narrow street I said to myself that a dozen Parisians in the city could no more stop me than they could stop a charge of horse. All heels and elbows, I pushed into them. But, to my abasement, promptly was I seized upon by a burly porter and bidden, with a curse, to mind my manners. Then I discovered the occasion of the crowd to be a little procession of choristers out of a neighboring church—St. Jean of the Spire it was, though I knew then no name for it. The boys were singing, the watchers quiet, bareheaded. They sang as if there were nothing in the world but piety and love. The last level rays of the sun crowned them with radiant aureoles, painted their white robes with glory. I shut my eyes, dazzled; it was as if I beheld a heavenly host. When I opened them again the folk at my side were kneeling as the cross came by. I knelt too, but the holy sign spoke to me only of the crucifix I had trampled on, of Yeux-gris and his lies. I prayed to the good God to let me kill Yeux-gris, prayed, kneeling there on the cobbles, with a fervor I had never reached before. When I rose I ran on at redoubled speed, never doubting that a just God would strengthen my hand, would make my cause His.

I entered the little court. The shutter was fastened as before, but I had my dagger, and could again free the bolt. I could creep upstairs and mayhap stab Yeux-gris before they were aware of my coming. But that was not my purpose. I was no bravo to strike in the back but the instrument of a righteous vengeance. He must know why he died.

One to three, I had no chance. But if I knocked openly it was likely that Yeux-gris, being my patron, would be the one to come down to me. Then there was the opportunity, man to man. If it were Grammont or the lackey I would boldly declare that I would give my news to none but Yeux-gris. In pursuance of this plan I was pounding vigorously on the door when a voice behind me cried out blithely:

"So you are back at last, Felix Broux!"

At the first word I wheeled around. In the court entrance stood Yeux-gris, smiling and debonair. He had laid aside his sword and held on his left arm a basket containing a loaf of bread, a roast capon and some bottles, for all the world like an honest prentice doing his master's errand.

"Yes, I am back!" I shouted. "Back to kill you, parricide!"

He had a knife in his belt; the fight was even. I was upon him, my dagger raised to strike. He made no motion to draw, and I remembered in a flash he could not; his right arm was powerless. He sprang back, flinging up his burdened left as a shield, and my blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

My blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

As I stabbed I heard feet thundering down the stairs within. I jerked my knife from the wicker and turned to face this new enemy. "Grammont," I thought, and that my end had come.

The door flew open and, shoulder to shoulder like brothers, out rushed Grammont and—Lucas!

My fear was drowned in amaze. I forgot to run and stood staring in sheer, blank bewilderment. Crying "Damned traitor!" Gervais, with drawn sword, charged at me.

I had only the little dagger. I owe my life to Yeux-gris's quick wits and no less quick fingers. Dropping the basket he snatched a bottle from it and hurled it at Gervais.

"'Ware, Grammont!" shouted Lucas, springing forward. But the missile flew too quickly. It struck Grammont square on the forehead and he went down like a slaughtered ox.

We looked, not at him but at Lucas—Lucas, the duke's deferential servant, the coward and skulker. Grammont's hatred, standing here by Grammont's side, glaring at us over his naked sword.

I saw in one glance that Yeux-gris was no less astounded than I, and from that instant, though the inwardness of the matter was still a riddle to me, my heart acquitted him of all dishonesty, of all complicity. His was not the face of a parricide.

"Lucas!" he cried in a dearth of words. "Lucas!"

I was staring at Lucas in thick bewilderment. The man was transformed from the one I knew. At M. le Duc's he had been pale, nervous and shaken—senselessly and contemptibly scared, as I thought, since he was warned of the danger and need not face it. But now he was another man. I can think only of those lanterns I have seen set with colored glass. They look dull enough all day, but when the taper within is lighted shine like jewels. So Lucas now. His face, so keen and handsome of feature, was brilliant, his eyes sparkling, his figure instinct with defiance. A smile crossed his face.

"Aye," he answered evenly, "it is Lucas."

M. le Comte appeared to be in a state of stupor. He could not for a space find his tongue to demand:

"How, in the name of heaven, came you here?"

"To fight Grammont," Lucas answered at once.

"A lie!" I shouted. "You're Grammont's friend. You came here to warn him off. It's your plot!"

"Felix! The plot?" Yeux-gris cried.

"The plot's to murder monsieur. Martin let it out. I thought it was you and Grammont. But it's Lucas and Grammont!"

Lucas hesitated. Even now he debated whether he could not lie out of it. Then he burst into laughter.

"It seems the cat's out of the bag. Aye, M. le Comte de Mar, I came to warn Grammont off. The duke will be here straightway. How will you like to swing for parricide?"

Yeux-gris stared at him, neither in fear nor in fury, but in utter stupefaction.

"But Gervais? He plotted with you? But he hates you!"

We gaped at Lucas like yokels at a conjurer. He made us no answer, but looked from one to the other of us with the alertness of an angry viper. We were two, but without swords. I knew he was thinking how easiest to end us both.

M. le Comte cried: "You! You come from Navarre's camp, from M. de Rosny!"

"Aye. I have outwitted more than one man."

"Mordieu! I was right to hate you!"

Lucas laughed. Yeux-gris blazed out:

"Traitor and thief! You stole the money. I said that from the first. You drove us from the house. How you and Grammont"——

"Came together? Very simple," Lucas answered with easy insolence. "Grammont did not love monsieur, your honored father. It was child's play to make an assignation with him and to lament the part forced on me by monsieur. Grammont was ready enough to scent a scheme of M. le Duc's to ruin him. He had said as much to monsieur, as you may deign to remember."

"Aye," said M. le Comte, still like a puzzled child, "he was angry with my father. But afterward he changed his mind. He knew it was you and only you."

Lucas broke again into derisive laughter.

"M. de Grammont is as dull a dolt as ever I met, yet clever enough to gull you. He thought you must suspect. I dreaded it—needlessly. You wise St. Quentins! You cannot see what goes on under your very nose."

M. le Comte sprang forward, scarlet. Lucas flourished the sword.

"The boy there caught at a glance what you had not found out in a fortnight. He gets to the duke and blocks my game—for to-day. But if they sent him ahead to hold us till their men came up they were fools too. I'll have the duke yet and I'll have you now."

He rushed at the unarmed Yeux-gris. The latter darted at Grammont's fallen sword, seized it, was on guard all in the second before Lucas reached him. He might have been in a fortnight's trance, but he was awake at last.

I trembled for him, then took heart again, as he parried thrust after thrust and pressed Lucas hard. I had never seen a man fight with his left arm before; I had not realized it could be done, being myself helpless with that hand. But as I watched this combat I speedily perceived how dangerous is a left-handed adversary. In later years I was to understand better, when M. le Comte had become known the length of the land by the title "Le Gaucher." But at this time he was in the habit, like the rest of the world, of fencing with his right hand; his dexterity with the other he rated only as a pretty accomplishment to surprise the crowd. He used his left hand scarcely as well as Lucas the right; yet, the thrust sinister being in itself a strength, they were not badly matched. I stood watching with all my eyes, when of a sudden I felt a grasp on my ankle and the next instant was thrown heavily to the pavement.

Grammont had come to life and taken prompt part in the fray.

I fell close to him, and instantly he let go my leg and wound his arms around me. I tried to rise and could not, and we rolled about together in the wine and blood and broken glass. All the while I heard the sword blades clashing. Yeux-gris, God be thanked! seemed to be holding his own.

Fighting Gervais was like fighting two men. Slowly but steadily he pressed me down and held me. I struggled for dear life—and could not push him back an inch.

I still held my knife, but my arms were pinned down. Gervais raised himself a little to get a better clutch, and his fingers closed on my throat. One grip and life seemed flowing from me. My arm was free now if I could but lift it. If I could not, nevermore could I lift it on this sunny earth. I did lift it and drove the dagger deep into him.

I could not take aim; I could not tell where the knife struck. A gasp showed he was hit; then he clinched my throat once more. Sight went from me and hearing. "It is no use," I thought, and then thought went too.

But once again the saints were kind to me. The blackness passed, and I wondered what had happened that I was spared. Then I saw Grammont clutching with both hands at the dagger hilt. After all the blow had gone home. I had struck him in the left side under the arm. Three good inches of steel were in him.

He had turned over on his side, half off me. I scrambled out from under him. To my surprise Yeux-gris and Lucas were still engaged. I had thought it hours since Grammont pulled me down.

As I rose Yeux-gris turned his head toward me. Only for a second, but in that second Lucas pinked his shoulder. I dashed between them; they lowered their points.

"First blood for me!" cried Lucas. "That serves for to-day, M. le Comte. I regret that I cannot wait to kill you, but that will come. It is necessary that I go before M. le Duc arrives. Clear the way."

M. le Comte stood his ground, barring the alley. They glared at each other motionless.

Grammont had raised himself to his knees and was trying painfully to get on his feet.

"A hand, Lucas," he gasped.

Lucas gave him a startled glance, but neither went nor spoke to him.

"I am not much hurt," said Grammont huskily. Holding by the wall he clambered up on his feet. He swayed, reeled forward and clutched Lucas's arm.

"Lucas, Lucas, help me! Draw out the knife. I cannot. I shall be myself when the knife is out. Lucas, for God's sake!"

"You will die when the knife is out," said Lucas, wrenching himself free. He turned again to M. le Comte, and his eyes gleamed as he saw the blood trickling down his sleeve and the sword tremble in his hand.

"Come on, then," he cried to Yeux-gris.

But I sprang forward and seized the sword from M. le Comte's hand.

"On guard!" I shouted, and we went to work.

(To Be Continued.)